The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VI. MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JAN. 11, 1877. NUMBER 2.

A Nutshell Novel.

VOL. I.
A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather;
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk
Together!

VOL. II:
A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious;
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!!

VOL. III.
You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure;
And both repent.
This rash event,
At leisure!!!

JONAS SAMPSON'S MONEY.

"What do you think, Mr. Slocomb, is the matter with Mr. Sampson?" said Mrs. Grant to me, one evening, as I entered the parlor set aside for the general use of Mrs. Smith's boarders.

I had arrived at my boarding-house later than usual that evening, and, consequently, had dined alone, so I had not heard the latest boarding-house gossip, and I may add that my boarding-house—perhaps I should be speaking more correctly if I said the boarders, especially Mrs. Grant—always had a full and never failing supply of that commodity on hand.

Thinking Mrs. Grant had some new gossip to impart, I smilingly rejoined:

"I really couldn't think, Mrs. Grant, what is the matter with him."

"He has the diphtheria," she slowly and solemnly said. "He came home this evening at five o'clock, said he felt very ill and that his throat pained him badly, and went to bed, after sending for a doctor. The latter soon came, and found that he was suffering from diphtheria. As soon as Mrs. Smith informed us of it at dinner, Miss Gardner, who says she's had the disease herself and has attended others who have had it, volunteered to nurse him at least three nights this week. Very generous on her part, certainly; but, nevertheless decidedly reckless of her to expose herself to the chance of catching that terrible diphtheria. Poor young man! I pity him. So young and almost sure to die."

Had I not at this juncture left the room, Mrs Grant would have poured copious comments into my ear, for at least an hour, based upon the subject of Mr. Sampson's diphtheria, and diphtheria in general; for she assumed to be an authority upon all subjects, from cheese to—well, I really can't say what.

Jonas Sampson had been boarding at the house for nearly two months. He was a nice, genial fellow, and about twenty-eight years old. That he was a clerk in a large wholesale dry goods house in this city, I and the other boarders knew, but nothing more. I was really sorry to hear that he was sick with that fearful, life-destroying disease; and, on leaving Mrs. Grant, I went up to his room to see if I could be of any service to him. I, a stranger, had once been terribly ill in a boarding-house myself, and want of proper care and nursing had aggravated my sufferings greatly; so I could fully appreciate Jonas Sampson's precarious position. I say precarious, because comparatively few out of the many that are attacked with diphtheria ever recover.

He was breathing heavily and with difficulty when I entered the room. Knowing the nature of the disease, I at once saw, as it had advanced its hold so far upon him already, that he was suffering from the most malignant type of diphtheria; and that he was more likely to die than to recover. Under the circumstances, I thought that if he had any relatives, it would be but right for them to be sent for immediately. After inquiring how he felt, and asking if I could be of any service to him, I suggested as much. He said he would wait till to-morrow noon, and if he were not better by that time, he would have a telegram sent to his mother, who, he informed me, lived in Ohio. As Miss Gardner had already installed herself as nurse, I told her that I would sit up with Mr. Sampson the following night. She told me that she had offered her services because Mrs. Smith, our landlady, had said that he must go to the hospital, unless he had a nurse, for she hadn't any time to look after sick people.

She, Miss Gardner, after seeing him, did not think he was in a fit condition to be removed, the night being wet and damp, so she had offered her services which had been thankfully accepted.

Just before noon of the following day Jonas Sampson died. The physician said that the disease had been deep-seated before he had been called to prescribe for him; and that it wasn't surprising that it had so quickly ended fatally.

Mr. Smith, our landlady's husband, in my presence searched Jonas Sampson's effects; but not a letter or paper was found that gave any clue as to who his relatives were or where they resided; neither was more than five dollars found in his pockets, and a silver watch worth about double that amount. He had told me his mother lived in Ohio; but in what town, village, or county he did not state; so we could not apprise any of his relatives of his death.

Mr. Smith, as it happened, knew the firm by whom he had been employed; and the evening of Jonas Sampson's death he, accompanied by myself, called on one of them, a Mr. Horton.

Mr. Horton knew nothing about his late employee's relatives, and was greatly surprised when told by Mr. Smith that not more than five dollars had been discovered among his (Sampson's) effects. He said that Sampson, the preceding afternoon, at three o'clock, had drawn part of four months' salary due him, amounting to just three hundred dollars. Not feeling well, he had requested to be allowed leave of absence for that afternoon, which had been granted.

"Now," said Mr. Horton, "what has become of that three hundred dollars?"

"Mr. Smith," he remarked, "it has either been lost or stolen. The former, of course, is possible, though unlikely; but it is more probable that it has been stolen. It is very often the case that thieves are found in boarding houses, whose sole purpose is to plunder their fellow boarders. "Now, among your wife's flock of boarders there may be such a thief; and granting that Jonas Sampson was robbed, perhaps we can lay our hands on the culprit. Who entered the room he occupied after he went to bed yesterday afternoon until the time of the searching of his effects? Do you know? I feel a great interest in this matter because Jonas Sampson was a favorite of mine, besides, I have a detective nature, and like to solve mysteries.

"To my knowledge," I said, speaking before Mr. Smith. "The physician, Mr and Mrs. Smith, myself, and a young lady boarder, Miss Gardner by name, who staid up and nursed him last evening. She, to my knowledge, is the only person who was in the room alone with Jonas Sampson before his death."

"As far as I know," said Mr. Smith, "Mr. Slocumb is correct in what he says. But I doubt very much whether Miss Gardner could do such a thing; in fact, I can hardly give such a suspicion a place in my mind for an instant. She has as open and honest a face as I ever saw, and is very lady-like and refined in her manners. 'Tis true she has been boarding at our house only a month; and my wife and I know nothing about about her beyond that she is a saleswoman in a Broadway store."

"She may not be a professional thief—perhaps we are wrong in even thinking that she is a thief of any kind—but probably she chanced to see the money in his coat pocket, where I saw Sampson place it before leaving the store yesterday, and, on the spur of the moment was tempted to purloin it; and did so when he was unconscious from fever or sleep. I tell you what we can do," said Mr. Horton. "To-morrow, when this Miss Gardner is away attending to her business, you and I, Mr. Smith, can search her room, clothes, and things, and if we do not find some confirmation of my suspicion, in the shape of the money, we will let the matter drop. Let poor Sampson's remains be decently interred," added Mr. Horton. "And have the bill for same sent to me. There is, I know, more than a hundred dollars due him, which he said, when he took his money yesterday, he would draw next week. So there will be more than enough to pay funeral expenses and board bills."

Mr. Smith agreed to Mr. Horton's proposition about searching Miss Gardner's room, to see if she had taken the dead man's missing money; and, accordingly the next day it was done.

To Mr. Smith's surprise and regret two hundred and ninety-eight dollars were found secreted in an old dress in her trunk.

The money was replaced where it had been discovered and Mr. Horton, his suspicion being confirmed, forthwith procured a warrant for her arrest and also a search-warrant. The former being served upon her that evening.

Mr. Horton, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, an officer and I, were seated in the private parlor when Miss Gardner came home from the store where she was employed.

Mrs. Smith went out to her and told her some parties in the parlor wished to see her.

She walked in ahead of Mrs. Smith, plenty of color in her cheeks, and a bright smile upon her face, perhaps thinking some friends had called to see her; but when she perceived that four men, one of whom wore a policeman's uniform, were the sole occupants of the apartment, she started back in dismay, and a little of the rosiness fled from her cheeks, as if she had some chilling presentment of coming danger to herself.

"Do these gentlemen wish to see me, Mrs. Smith?" she asked in faltering tones. "What for?"

"About the three hundred dollars you stole from Jonas Sampson," said Mr. Horton, sternly.

Mr. Horton, as I rightly judged, was pitiless to any person who he was convinced in his own mind was a criminal; and I believe he would have sent his own flesh and blood to prison, the circumstances being the same as they were in the present instance.

"The three hundred dollars I stole from Jonas Sampson?" she repeated, in apparent amazement, the color dying out of her face, and leaving it deadly pale as she spoke. "Good Heavens! what do you mean by accusing me of such a crime?"

"Jonas Sampson had three hundred dollars on his person the evening before he died," said Mr. Horton, as sternly as before. "Mr. Smith and Mr. Slocumb searched his effects, and found but five dollars. I at once suspected he had been robbed, though it was possible that he had lost it, but it wasn't likely. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. Slocumb, the physician, and yourself were the only persons who entered the dead man's room from the time of his sickness until, and after his death. My suspicion fastened itself upon you, and Mr. Smith and I searched your room to-day, and discovered, secreted in an old dress in your trunk, two hundred and ninety-eight dollars, which I believe you stole. Mrs. Smith tells me that you get only a salary of twelve dollars a week; and therefore, having to pay board and other living expenses, how could you get such a sum of money together honestly? You've either got to explain this mystery to my satisfaction, or go to prison."

He waited for her reply, but she made none. She seemed petrified—turned to stone, by the charge. She sat in her chair dumb—her face and hands blanched nearly to the color of marble.

"Her manner convinces me that she is guilty," said Mr. Horton, in the tone of a man who is satisfied that he is right. "Officer, do your duty."

The policeman advanced toward her, touched her on the arm and said:

"Miss, I've a warrant for your arrest. You must go with me to the station-house."

He, used to such scenes, spoke more pityingly, more kindly to her than had Mr. Horton.

The policeman's touch seemed to put, as if by magic, some life into her; the color slowly returned to her cheeks, and she began to weep.

"For the love of God," she cried, "don't take me to prison. The money is mine—I didn't steal it; I got it honestly. You may have the money—every cent I've got—but don't take me to prison—oh, don't, don't, don't."

My heart went out in pity for the poor creature who now lay stretched senseless on the floor. To my mind, she neither looked nor acted like a guilty person. She was so young—about twenty, certainly not more—so fair and lovely! She a thief! impossible! Shameful, to accuse her of being such a thing, I not only thought, but, in the heat of my indignation and pity, said as much.

"Young man," said Mr. Horton, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice, "don't let your pity get the better of your good sense, please. I don't say this is not her first crime, perhaps it is; but, nevertheless, she should be punished. My motto is: *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*"

Miss Gardner by this time, Mrs. Smith having poured water on her face, had recovered her senses. I was gazing at her closely while Mr. Horton spoke, and the conviction that she was not guilty grew stronger upon me with every passing second.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "I repeat that I think she's innocent. It would be a burning shame to confine that delicate young creature in a filthy station-house all night; and if she is allowed to remain here to-night, I will hold myself responsible for her appearance in court for examination to-morrow morning. May I not safely pledge my word to that effect, Miss Gardner?" I asked, turning to her.

"Thank you, thank you; God bless you for this," she murmured, grasping my hand and looking the gratitude she found it difficult to put into words. "Yes," she said, when a moment had passed and she had partly recovered her calmness, "you may. I am innocent, though it will be difficult, I know, for me to prove my innocence; but your kind words, Mr. Slocumb, have cheered me up—chased my fears, that I should be unable to show my guiltlessness, away—and have made me brave."

Mr. Horton said he had no special objection, at which I was really surprised, for I thought I should have to take him aside and talk him into it. He remarked that I was being taken in by an adventuress, and that I should laugh at my Quixotic action before a day had passed. The policeman, after I had pressed a five-dollar-bill into his hand also consented to leave his prisoner in my care.

The remainder of my story can be told in a very few words.

Scarcely an hour after the departure of the policeman and Mr. Horton, a young lady, accompanied by her mother, called at the house. She said she had been engaged to marry Jonas Sampson, and it was only that evening that she had seen the notice of his death in the newspaper.

They were to have been married in two weeks, she said, and she and her mother having been busy preparing for her wedding through the day, it was only when evening came that she or her mother had a chance to look at the paper, so that accounted for their not having seen the death notice earlier in the day.

I mentioned Miss Gardner's case to her, and sked her if she knew anything about Jonas Sampson's money. Oh yes, she did, he had given it to her.

On the day he received the money, before returning to his boarding-house, he had called on his intended, and given her the whole amount to pay for her wedding outfit and other things which are essential for newly-married people.

Thus was my conviction of Miss Gardner's innocence proved true; and, of course, Mr. Horton withdrew his charge, apologizing at the same time for his part in the affair.

Miss Gardner was an orphan, and the money found in her trunk was left to her by her mother; she having no faith in the safety of banks, preferring to take care of it himself.

Another conviction soon grew on me—that I loved Nelly Gardner; and for some years she has been Mrs. Slocumb.

☞ Millard Fillmore, in extreme youth, was rocked in a sap trough for want of a better cradle. His old pastor, Mr. Hosmer, describing a visit to Washington during Fillmore's administration, says that he and Dr. Kendall went to one of his receptions, and as they entered saw the President and his family and Cabinet, and his father at his side. "As soon as we had been very cordially received, Dr. Kendall drew me aside and whispered, 'Was there ever since the world began such a contrast as that group and the baby in the sap trough?' It was indeed a contrast. The President was a handsome man, of fine bearing, in the prime of life; and his father was venerable, tall, and not much bowed down by his eighty years; his full gray hair and intelligent face at once drew attention; and he stood there by his son, as no other father then had done, as calm and self-possessed as in his justice court in some log-cabin of Western New York. I was to be in Washington a few weeks, and Esquire Fillmore was to return home with me; but one day I met him and he said, 'I am going home to-morrow.' I said, 'But why not wait for me?' 'No, no,' said he, 'I will go. I don't like it here; it isn't a good place to live in; it isn't a place for Millard; I wish he was at home in Buffalo.'"

☞ Herman Michael sues his sweetheart in St. Louis for breach of promise, and for return of jewelry that he has given to her.

Some Early Laws of New York.

Some of the laws of that period were strikingly unique. It was expressly enjoined upon women that they should not scold. The penalty for this fault was arrest, imprisonment and fine. In aggravated cases, the grave law-givers resorted even to public whipping.

One Wolfert Weber, the proprieter of a small tavern near the Fresh Water Pond, entered this curious complaint against Judith Verbeth:

"This defendant has for a long time pestered him; she came with her sister Sara over to his house last week, and beat him (the plaintiff) and afterwards threw stones at him. He pleads that the said Judith be ordered to let him live quietly in his own house."

On the 8th of May, 1657, we find Nicholas Verbeth complaining of Wolfert Weber about a pile of stone. Verbeth stated his case thus:

"If anybody removes what belongs to another without his knowledge, it is called thieving; my father deposited some stone by the Fresh Water Pond, before his own door, and Weber removed it; whereupon we had words; and Weber promised to deliver other stones instead; we want Weber ordered to bring back the 'same stone.'" The court decided for the plaintiff and ordered the stone returned within eight days.

Hon. Nicasius De Sille prosecuted a man for stealing "three half beavers, two nose cloths, and a pair of linen stockings. The court sentenced the offender to be whipped within the Council Chamber and banished from the city. Slander was esteemed a rank offense. A certain Jan Adamzen, for slandering certain respectable persons, was condemned to be "stuck through the tongue with a red-hot iron, and banished from the province."

The severity of sentences, the peculiar modes of punishment, etc., were but a feature of the times. They originated on the other side of the ocean. The city magistrates seem to have had a conscientious regard for equity and justice, and set themselves like flint against Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and all popular vices. It was a mixed population they were trying to control, and the task could have been neither easy nor agreeable.

The Governor treated his subordinates with profound respect, as long as they were directly in the line of their duties.

In his communications to the city magistrates he was exceptioniously courteous, always preceding his signature with "Your High Mightinesses' affectionate Friend and Director." But he curtailed their power in all directions.

One day, some common people appeared before him, much aggrieved because he had forbidden the servants of the farmers "to ride the goose" at Shrovetide. He told them "it was unprofitable and unnecessary and criminal to celebrate such pagan and popish feasts, and though it was tolerated in some places in Holland, and connived at by magistrates here, he should enact such ordinances as would tend to the glory of God without the consent of 'a little court of justice,'" adding, "I understand my quality and authority, and the nature of my commission better than others, and I hope you will not vex me continually."

In 1658, a law was enacted forbidding the whipping of negro slaves without first obtainining permission of the city magistrates. Another remarkable law forbade men and women to live together until legally married; for it had been an ancient custom—of much longer standing than the young city—to "bundle" after the publication of the banns.

The same year the first fire company was organized. It was called the "Rattle Watch," and consisted of eight men, who were to do duty from nine o'clock in the evening until morning drumbeat.

Two hundred and fifty fire-buckets, with hooks and ladders were imported from Holland, reaching New Amsterdam on the 12th of August.—From Mrs. Martha J. Lamb's History of New York City, published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

☞ A lawyer and a parson were talking about which way the wind was. The former said: "We go by the court-house vane." "And we," replied the parson, "go by the church vane." "Well," said the lawyer, "in the matter of wind that is the best authority!" And the parson went home to cogitate.

Price of Food in Old Times.

Amid the never-ending comments on the high price of provisions, it is difficult for us to realize the fact that a time existed in Britain's history, when wheat, as food for one hundred for a whole day, was worth only a shilling, and the average price for sheep fourpence. In the reign of Henry I. the price of wine was raised to sixpence a quart for red and eightpence a quart for white, in order that the sellers might be enabled to live by it. When the wheat was at six shillings a quarter (eight bushels) the farthing loaf was to be equal in weight to twenty-ounces, if made of the whole grain, and to sixteen ounces if consisting solely of white. And when the wheat was only one shilling and sixpence per quarter, as it sometimes was, the farthing white loaf was to contain sixty-four ounces, and the whole grain ninety-six ounce loaf of good wheaten bread for a farthing. In the nineteenth year of the reign of Edward I., the price of provisions of the city of London was fixed by the common council at a tariff by which two pullets were sold at three half-pence, a partridge or two woodcock's for the same, while a fat lamb was to be sixpence from Christmas to Shrovetide, and the rest of the year fourpence. In the fourteenth century parliament fixed the price of a fat ox at forty-eight shillings, a shorn sheep at five shillings, two dozen eggs at threepence and the best wine at twenty cents per tun. An act of parliament, passed in 1533 settled the value of beef and pork at a half-penny per pound, and veal at three farthings.

Her "Wings."

She halted at the stamp-clerk's window in the post-office yesterday, and asked:

"Could I procuah a postal cawd heah?"

He thought she could.

"Two thents or one thent?" she inquired.

One cent, he told her, and she took one. As she received it she asked:

"Have you a pwen and ink-ah?"

He had, and he handed them out. She held the pen poised for half a minute, as if trying to remember the name of some dear friend, and then she touched it to the card. On the fingers of her left hand were nine rings; on the fingers of her right hand were eight more. Nine and eight made seventeen, and none over. She wrote "H-e-n-r—," and then the pen gave a spatter.

"Oh! dwear! my wings bwother me so-ah!" she exclaimed, trying to get a new rest for her elbow.

Then she went on and finished the "y" and began: "O-g-d—," when the pen spattered again, and she threw down the card, returned the pen and ink, and said:

"I won't wite to him afta awal, for I can't wite natural with my wings on."

Then she rubbed her hands together, shook herself and walked out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BOUGHT BY AN AGENT.—In a thriving town in Michigan, when the country was full of agents, and almost everybody was agent for something or other, an infant there being blessed by the advent of a baby-brother, was very inquisitive as to where the little stranger came from. Being informed that Dr. S— had brought it, he stood in a brown study for a moment, when, with the intelligent look of one who has solved a difficult matter, he asked: "Say, pa, is he the agent for them?"

☞ The hair producing countries par excellence are Normandy and Picardy in France, Bohemia, Voralberg, and Tyrol. French hair ranks first, then Swedish and German, and lastly Italian and English. Hair purchasers generally hunt in couples, the typical old woman and the decoy. They claim that the more stupid the population of a district, the finer will be the hair of the women. Cutting the hair right off spoils the market, so it is only thinned out at intervals. Thus several crops are gathered from one head.

☞ Our glorious Union consumes 33,000,000 gallons of liquor annually—twenty dollar's worth to every man, woman and child in the country.

A Hero.

A hero, indeed, was Herbert, the pilot of the Southern Belle, lately burned on the Mississippi. With the alarm of fire the Belle was headed for the bank, but, despite the exertions of the officers to calm the passengers, some forty in number, the utmost confusion prevailed—terror that defies description seemed to seize them, and passengers and deck-hands, frenzied with terror, jumped overboard, the shrieks of the drowning and piteous appeals for help sounded high above the sullen roar of the flames. It seemed an age, although it was but a short time ere the Belle grated against the bank, and pell-mell the passengers and crew sought the shore. The pilot, a true hero, remained at his post until the last moment, amid the flames that encircled the pilot-house, and almost blinded by smoke, with death staring him in the face, until all that could had reached the shore. When he considered his own safety, around and beneath him was a sea of fire; escape by the usual route was impossible; a clear jump of fifty feet to the deck was the only alternative. He stood poising himself for the jump, calm and collected, a king in his glorious manhood, and then down he went crashing, only to fall on deck mangled unto death with his spine broken.

The Old Pulpits.

Who knows what becomes of the old pulpits? What curious tales might be told of some of them; and if they could speak or write, what curious tales could they tell! But, as a matter of curiosity, we should really like to know whether any of the pilgrim puluits, for instance, are in existence, and where. Let some of the good old brethren rub up their memories, and let us see what is known about these old stand-points.

To give an idea of what we mean, here are three or four facts about pulpits in Europe: In a closet near the door of the Church of St. Nicolas, at Leipsic, is the pulpit in which Martin Luther, the Reformer, preached.

The pulpit of the celebrated Richard Baxter is still preserved in the vestry of the Unitarian Church at Kidderminster and was occupied by the writer a few years ago. It is small, and of the octagonal form. In the front of it, near the top, are the words in yellow letters, "Prase ye the Lord;" and on the four front panels are the words, "Daw widow gave this."

John Bunyan's pulpit was removed many years since, from Belfast to London, and it is feared now lost. His vestry chair is yet preserved in the vestry of the present church; his pulpit Bible is in possession of the distinguished family of the Whitbreads, who purchased it for a large sum, and his large, awkward pulpit candlesticks are in the pulpit of the Baptist Church at Ithlingborough, in Northamptonshire.

The pulpit of the excellent Dr. Isaac Watts was sold a few years ago in London, and is yet used in a small place of worship in that city.

The pulpit used by George Whitefield, in his open air efforts on Blackheath, was carefully preserved till a very few years since, when it was borrowed by a careless preacher and broken.

Some twenty years ago when the Corporation of London purchased the Baptist Church in Carter Lane, London, to make the approach to the new London Bridge, they presented the fine old carved pulpit, so long occupied by Dr. John Gill, to his successor, Dr. Rippon. It had been handsomely varnished, and now occupies its proper position in New Park Street, where not a few American Baptist pastors have occupied it.—*Ex.*

☞ Charles W. Elliott, in a lecture delivered in Boston, a few days ago, paid a glowing tribute to the women who, in the face of numberless dangers which threatened the Puritans, dared to follow their lovers and their husbands into the trackless wilderness. They worked and suffered, thinking little of the luxuries which might have been theirs had they lingered on the other side of the water. They desired no "sphere," and were content—nay, happy—in knowing that they could comfort their husbands and help sustain the privations and hardships of a pioneer's life. At that time the men were the dandies and the women dressed plainly. Marriage was brought about by contract, no spinster was allowed to live in the colony, and no man could make love to a woman without the consent of her parents.

☞ A recent Amherst graduate, now a settled pastor, was telling a retired missionary that he entered college and the theological seminary with the intention of becoming a missionary, when the old veteran broke out with: "Ah! you turned back after putting your hand to the plough." "No, he answered, "I just took another plough."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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If every subscriber will refuse to grant the privilege which their neighbors seek, of reading their JOURNAL every week, and tell them that it iz to their interest to subscribe for themselves, they will do their duty towards establishing the permanency of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

The Conclusion of the MacIntire Libel Suit.

In our issue of last week was published the conclusion of the libel suit brought by Mr. Thomas MacIntire, the esteemed Superintendent of the Indiana Deaf and Dumb Institution, against J. Fawkner and the *Sentinel* Company. The many friends of Mr. MacIntire, both mute and speaking, rejoice in the vindication of his fair name. No one who knows him, could for one moment believe the false, atrocious slanders made up by that scoundrel, Wm. French, and his ally, J. Fawkner. We only regret that their punishment was not adequate to their crimes.

The Wisconsin Institution.

The twenty-fifth annual report of the above-named institution is at hand. The report covers the period from Sept. 30th, 1875, to Sept. 30th, 1876. Under the management of the able Principal, Wm. H. De Motte, A. M., seconded by his corps of competent assistants, this institution has during the past year maintained its usual standard of prosperity.

Good feelings and hearty co-operation have existed between the principal, teachers and pupils, and very commendable progress in studies has been attained by the latter. On the first of October, 1875, the number of pupils was—males 95, females 52—total 147. October 1st, 1876, there were in attendance 96 males and 60 females—total 156. The current expenses for the year were $35,332.14. The permanent improvements for the year were a kitchen and laundry, gas vault and gymnasium at a cost of $7,196.18.

Last year the Legislature appropriated $2,600 less than the estimated cost of supporting the institution, in consequence of which the Board of Trustees was obliged to exercise the utmost economy in operating the school. It was found necessary to reduce the officers' salaries ten per cent. lower than they were the year preceeding. After the most judicious expenditure of the appropriation, it is expected that at the close of the financial year there will be a deficiency in the accounts. The estimated expense of the institution for the next financial year commencing on the first of March next, is $38,000 which sum the President of the Board asks the Legislature to appropriate during its present session. The State Census reports developed the fact that quite a large number of deaf-mutes were residing within the State, who were growing up to manhood and womanhood without receiving the benefits of educational instruction. The Principal says that the most of them of suitable age have since been received at the institution. He estimates that from twenty-five to thirty pupils by the rule of regular increase will each year be added to the institution. He wisely enough recommends the erection of improved building accommodations to meet the demands of present convenience and of future emergency. The advancement of the pupils in their studies has been satisfactory and the Principal thinks that they will compare favorably with those of other State institutions. One teacher's time is employed in teaching articulation. Last year she had a class of twenty pupils and the result was gratifying. The closing exercises of the school year on the 7th of July last, were held in the chapel of the institution and witnessed by a large assembly of people. The exercises of the day were composed of exhibitions of the proficiency of the various grades of study, with recitations, by sign language or articulation, of original and selected pieces. The parts executed by members of the graduating class were fair specimens of compositions, delivered in good style. Four ladies and eight gentlemen completed their course of studies and were awarded diplomas.

But little sickness occurred among the pupils, and a few cases of sore throat and slight bowel complaints comprised nearly all the ailments. Owing to its healthy location, the pupils of the institution, since its founding, have been uniformly free from miasmatic fevers, and the inmates have been, with few exceptions, exempt from serious sickness.

The general outlook from a hasty review of the report indicates that there is a promising future in prospect for the Wisconsin Institution.

Running Away from Death.

A DEAF-MUTE'S LIFE MIRACULOUSLY SAVED.

Erasmus O. Preston is an industrious farm laborer, a deaf-mute about fifty-four years of age, and has a loving deaf-mute wife, a son and two daughters. The children are all respectably settled in married life, and reside in the city of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Preston has for some time past been working for "Uncle Thomas" Brown, of West Henniker, N. H. About the middle of last December with a neighbor, Mr. Preston was engaged in falling a monstrous red oak, using a cross-cut saw for the purpose, as is sometimes the case in bringing to the ground such giants of the forest, the tree in question, besides its great size, being located on the slope of a rocky, uneven declivity. After having sawed to the necessary depth on one side of the tree, the two men passed around and attacked the opposite side of it. At this time a large log eight feet in length, for some unknown reason, and by some unexplained cause, commenced to make its revolutions down the hill in the direction of the laborers. The neighbor quickly stepped aside and willingly gave the advancing foe the right of the track. Not so with Mr. Preston. He had undoubtedly read of persons running away from death, and now saw an opportunity of testing the speed of the grim monster.

So down the hill Mr. Preston runs at the height of his speed pursued by his relentless adversary at the rate of less than "2:40." He is a plucky man for running foot races and does not relish the idea of being outrun; neither did he wish to leave his tenement of clay a crushed and shapeless mass to bleach on the side of that hill in New Hampshire. Desperation added to his determination to win the race or perish in the attempt, and the scorn of defeat gave new impulse to his propelling muscles and pedal extremities.

The grass grew but *little* beneath his feet. Down came his bloodthirsty competitor, like the hungry wolf on the fold, bounding from cliff to rock with force beyond the power of the pursued to equal.

Suddenly Mr. Preston made a misstep, stumbled and fell. It is needless to say that the past history of his life was reviewed by his mental vision in less time than would be occupied by the most rapid reader of a city school in digesting Headley's History of the great Rebellion.

Death under the most *crushing* circumstances was about to grind its unoffending victim to atoms, when the would-be assassin struck a rock, bounded upward, and leaped entirely over the prostrate man. The many friends of Mr. Preston thank a kind Providence and congratulate their comrade on his miraculous escape from the open jaws of death. As Mr. Preston relates the story of Providential deliverance from an almost and very probable annihilation, to his companions around the hearthstone of his Granite State friends, he disclaims any desire to run another race with the king of terrors down the granite-bound hills of New Hampshire.

A Table,

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

Sunday, Jan. 14th.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LI.
2d Lesson—John I, verse 29th.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LII, to verse 13th.
2d Lesson—1 Corinthians XIII.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the second Sunday after Epiphany.

Sunday, Jan. 21st.

The Psalter for the 21st day of the month.

Morning Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LIV.
2d Lesson—Matthew IV, 12th verse.

Evening Prayer.
1st Lesson—Isaiah LV.
2dLesson—2 Corinthians IV.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the third Sunday after Epiphany.

Three Deaf-Mutes Seeking Fortunes in the Silver Mines.

The deaf-mute mine located near Esparanza, on Boulder creek, is owned by three deaf-mutes, Francis Rotter, Ignace Rotter, and Albert Kadgiehn. The mine is down 11 feet, is four feet between walls, has a pay streak of almost 3 feet which runs at least test $35 per ton. The owners are the only workers, and have a cabin of their own near by. The same parties own the Gilt Edge in Sugar Loaf district, down ten feet, having a crevice of three and a half feet, and a pay streak of three inches, running by last returns, $500. Both lodes look very promising. —*Colorado Banner, Dec.* 7, 1876.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

MR. WING, of the Minnesota Institution was presented with a fine girl Christmas morning.

MISS HELEN DUNNING'S private deaf-mute school, at Galesburg, Ill., has four very fine scholars, and she hopes to get more soon.

MR. SAMUEL A. LEWIS, of Anamosa, Iowa, expects to be at the Chicago Deaf-mute Society on the 18th of this month, if nothing interferes to prevent his going.

MR. and MRS. RAFFINGTON have returned to Chicago, their old home, and intend to live there. For about one year past Detroit was the place of their residence.

WE are pleased to announce that Mr. RICHARD E. BULL, supervisor of the New York Institution, who went South for the benefit of his health, is improving rapidly under the influence of the genial clime to which he has gone.

MR. S. A. TABER, Treasurer of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, and a very substantial and practical farmer of Central New York, was united in marriage to Miss GERTRUDE A. BOUGHTON, of Brooklyn, N. Y., on Jan. 4th—Dr. Gallaudet performing the ceremony. We wish the happy couple many years of life and joy.

THE deaf-mutes of Cincinnati, O., recently held a meeting for the election of officers of the Cincinnati Deaf-mute Church Society, for the ensuing year, with the following result: President, R. P. MCGREGOR; Treasurer, J. H. VANCE. The following persons were then chosen as the Standing Committee: E. SOUWEINE, (Chairman,) JOHN LANE, FRANK CATELY, MRS. F. SMITHSON and Miss MOLLIE E. MANN.

WHILE at Mr. JOHN W. PAGE'S residence in Biddeford, Me., on New Year's day, the deaf-mute ladies of that city pleasantly surprised Mr. WILLIAM BAILEY, of Marblehead, Mass., by presenting him with a very nice, new coat. They did this to express their best wishes for his happiness in consideration of his valuable services rendered in behalf of the Biddeford and Saco Deaf-mute Christian Association during the past year.

As recently announced by our New York correspondent, the marriage of Mr. JOHN W. FOOTE to Miss MAY I. ALDERMAN, at Tuscola, Mich., was solemnized by the bride's step-father, Rev. PHILO FORBES. The happy couple left for Flint, where they were to remain a few days visiting friends before going to Illinois, their future home. Mr. FOOTE, is a graduate of the Michigan Institution, and the bride formerly taught there for several years. We wish them much joy.

LAST evening there was a reunion of deaf-mutes, at John A. Andrew Hall, corner of Chauncey and Essex streets, which was quite select, though not largely attended. The usual games were indulged in. A notice was given that there will be a mass meeting of deaf-mutes at the same hall, next Wednesday, at half-past seven o'clock, when prominent speakers are expected to be present; and a course of Sunday services and lectures for the benefit of the deaf mutes will be started under the patronage of the trustees of the late Boston Deaf-mute Library Association.—*Boston Transcript,* Jan. 2, 1877.

THE deaf-mutes of Jackson, Mich., to the number of fourteen, spent Christmas at the country home of Mr. JOSEPH HALIFAX, where they feasted on turkey and plum pudding, and enjoyed the visit very much. The sleighing was good and the ride each way was very enjoyable. Mr. Halifax lives with his parents in Rives Township, Jackson Co., Mich., about thirteen miles from the city of Jackson. This is not the first Christmas the Jackson deaf-mutes have spent under their hospitable roof, and in reference to the last pleasant occasion those who were present will have reason to remember it with pleasure.

MRS. NANCY P. SMITH, a semi-mute, of Hillsborough Bridge, N. H., and a subscriber to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, who delights in perusing its columns, is spending the winter with a daughter at Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Smith is seventy years of age, owns a snug little house and a small farm. She closed her house in order to stay till spring with her only daughter. Her other daughter died several years ago, and her only son was killed in the war of the Rebellion. Mrs. Smith is a very intelligent lady, and, although she never attended a deaf-mute school, is a good reader, and the JOURNAL is one of her boon companions.

MISS NELLIE LAFFERTY and MISS MARY LACHIS, of Lowell, Mass., took a pleasure trip to the pleasant old farm home of Mr. and Mrs. ROWE, at Roxford, to spend a Merry Christmas. They arrived in due season and were met by their friend Mr. ROWE, who gave them a merry sleigh ride of six miles, and then they were heartily received by the hostess of the house. Sunday being extremely cold, and traveling bad, the deaf-mutes decided to have a Bible Class at the residence of Mr. ROWE; there were a large number present, and everyone appeared to enjoy the order of exercises. Monday came, and they were obliged to leave the pleasant home of their friends, who so often give them a hearty welcome as they come and go. Their pleasant visit shall long be remembered, and they wish that God may grant them many years of prosperity and happiness.

THE deaf-mutes connected with the Deaf-mute Mission held a New Year's levee at Templar Hall, 488 Washington street, last evening. There was dancing which all seemed to enjoy, the wave of the director's hand serving as a substitute for music, and social amusement generally. At half-past ten o'clock the company descended to the rooms of Mr. Copeland, 467 Washington street, where a very substantial and temptingly arranged feast awaited them. The president of the mission, Mr. GEORGE HOMER, took his seat at the head of a long table, with the general manager, E. N. BOWES, on his right. Leading members of the society occupied seats near at hand. At the conclusion of the supper, Professor JOB TURNER gave a toast in honor of President HOMER, and in a very brief mute address wished the company a happy New Year. The ease and grace and perfect symmetry of the gentleman's movements were very interesting even to one who failed to understand a word. Mr. HOMER responded to the toast, wished prosperity to the company all through their lives, and a "Happy New Year" to all. The mission has just issued a circular setting forth the objects and aims of the society, and appealing for funds to meet the current expenses.—*Boston Transcript,* Jan. 2, 1877.

Small Schools vs. Larger Ones.

We copy the following from the St. Paul *Pioneer* of Dec. 27th:

Christmas afternoon Mr. David H. Carroll and Miss Isabella H. Ransom were married at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Charles E. Otis, of this city, Rev. J. N. Otis, of Stillwater, officiating. Both the bride and groom have for several years been teaching in the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Fairbault, and are highly esteemed by all who know them. The good wishes of a host of friends attend them in their new relations.

[We are glad to learn that our friends have concluded to take each of them a scholar for life. May they experience a happiness in a small school proportionate to their measure of success in one of a larger size.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Deaf-Mute Services.

The opening services of the new Deaf-mute Society, at their room, over the John A. Andrew Hall, yesterday forenoon, were, considering the weather, a decided success in point of numbers, several being present from a distance. Mr. J. T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, made a few remarks, and Prof. R. H. Atwood, of Newburyport, opened the services by interpreting to those present the hymn "Return ye wanderers," and a prayer. He was followed by Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, who discoursed on Exodus XL, 2: "On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle," which was strikingly appropriate, and was listened to with close attention. So much encouragement was given that it was decided to hold an afternoon service, which was conducted by Prof. Atwood, with the hymn "Jesus Calls You," and a good sermon from 2 Cor. IV., 8—"We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed." In the evening a praise and prayer meeting was held, presided over by Mr. J. T. Tillinghast. This is the Society of which James Sturgis, Esq., is the Treasurer. Their meetings have certainly begun under very flattering auspices. The evening services were particularly interesting from the large number present and the close attention given to the exercises.—*Boston Post, Jan.* 8, 1877.

Transplanting Trees.

From Queens Co. (L. I.), Sentinel, Dec. 7, 1876.

The sudden freeze up has suspended operations on the church edifice at Garden City, as well as about the grounds. For the past few weeks the well-known nursery firm of Isaac Hicks & Sons, (one of whom is a deaf-mute), have furnished 100 large trees for ornamenting the grounds around the church and in the park around the depot. These trees comprise the several varieties of maple, elm and linden, and are truly a very fine selection. A large proportion of them are as fine specimens as one could wish to see, with large, well-formed tops. The wonder is how such large trees could be moved with so little injury to the wide-spreading branches, when we see them standing from 25 to 40 feet high, and we are informed one of the largest weighed 2,100 pounds at the hay-scales at Mineola.

Mr. Hinsdale has been pre-eminently successful in planting out large deciduous trees in the park about the hotel, and we doubt not those about the church will prove equally successful.

During the past season the Messrs. Hicks have successfully planted quite a number of large trees, which have stood the removal with scarcely any check to their growth. Among others may be mentioned two large trees last spring for Mr. L. E. Ransom; eleven large trees this spring for Mr. Joseph Willets, of Flower Hill, Manhasset, L. I., and a very large and handsome American Elm on the east side of the residence of Mr. S. P. Wood on Fulton St., in this village. All are living and promise to succeed well. The Messrs. Hicks have also some 30 trees prepared for moving for Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun.*

Resignation of Mr. J. H. LaRue.

Mr. John H. LaRue, a deaf-mute, who has been connected with the Oregon Institution for the Education of Deaf-mutes in this city, for the past six years, resigned his position as assistant teacher in that institution yesterday. We understand that this act is a voluntary one on his part, superinduced by the desire to return to his home, on a farm near Halsey, in Linn County, and that a farm life, coupled with the active labor incident thereto, is more compatible with his tastes than the occupation of a teacher, with its necessary confinement. Mr. LaRue is well liked by all those connected with the school, and upon his retirement takes with the unanimously expressed best wishes of both teachers and pupils, with many regrets at the severance of their connection with him.—*Mercury.*

Christmas with the Deaf-Mutes.

The members of the Massachusetts Deaf-mute Christian Union, with invited guests, assembled in goodly numbers at the hall of the society in Gorham's Block, on Christmas evening, to witness the distribution of presents from a bountifully laden and beautifully arranged "tree," under charge of Mr. Wm. H. Green, who was seconded in his efforts to amuse the company by Prof. Job Turner, of Malden, Mr. George A. Holmes of Boston, and a colored "Uncle Sam" from the "rural districts." A substantial collation was provided by the ladies, assisted by Mr. H. M. Howe, and served in a pleasing manner by Mrs. H. B. Howe and Miss Joslin. The remainder of the time was occupied in social games and conversation, and it was not till a late hour that all dispersed to their homes, well satisfied with having passed a very pleasant evening.—*Ex.*

MARRIED:

TABER—BOUGHTON.—In Brooklyn, Jan. 4, 1877, by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mr. Samuel A. Taber, of Scipio, N. Y., and Miss Gertrude Augusta Boughton, of Brooklyn, both graduates of the New York Institution.

CARROLL—RANSOM.—At the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Charles E. Otis, of St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 25, 1876, by the Rev. J. N. Otis, Mr. David H. Carroll, and Miss Isabella H. Ransom, both teachers in the Minnesota Deaf-mute Institution at Faribault.

MCGEE—DUFFY.—In Boston, Dec. 24, 1876, Mr. John McGee and Miss Helen Duffy, both graduates of the American Institution, Hartford, Conn.

ELLIS—KEMPTON.—In Somerville, Conn., Dec. 25, 1876, Mr. Tristum N. Ellis, of Plymouth, Mass., and Miss Emily Kempton, the former, a graduate of the American Institution, and the latter of the Halifax, (N.S.) Institution.

LEWIS—MARCH.—At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 6, 1876, by the Rev. I. B. Fiske, Mr. Charles A. Lewis, of Anamosa, Iowa, and Miss Hattie March, of Pleasant Valley, Iowa. Charles is the son of Samuel A. Lewis.

Speech of Hon. D. W. C. Peck.

In the Republican Assembly Caucus, last week, Mr. D. W. C. Peck, of this village, in nominating Mr. Sloan, of Oswego, for Speaker, made the following speech:

MR. CHAIRMAN—I rise, in obedience to a wish which has found universal expression in the county of Oswego, to put in nomination for the office of Speaker one of our most respected citizens—a gentleman who, by birth, by education, in business and in social life, is one of our representative men; in him the institutions which give substance and quality to our manhood find a fair exponent.

While it is with some feeling of pride that we offer our candidate, we do not feel that we are in any measure thrusting him upon you. If we did this we would trample upon him, doing violence to his nature. We act rather in recognition of a demand which seems to be coming up from many sections of the State. For this partiality we are grateful.

Other gentlemen, justly distinguished in the legislative history of New York, have been named in connection with this high office. We acknowledge their great ability, so often demonstrated in this place; nor would we utter one word, here or elsewhere, in derogation of their eminent claims. Political detraction is a poor weapon at best; it has been greatly cheapened of late by too common use.

We present our candidate upon his own merit simply. He is a plain man; his spheres of life have been the common school, the store, the counting-room, and, lastly, this hall; his public life has been comparatively brief; yet short as it is, he has thoroughly impressed upon it his home characteristics, patience, diligence, integrity. It has not been too short to show, by sufficient experience, his fitness for the Chair, nor so long as to entangle him with embarrassing alliance.

I do not deem it proper for me, with my own inexperience, to attempt to recount here the qualities which seem to to render him worthy of this position; it is neither necessary nor expedient. There is a purity, a harmony of life and character, with which the voice of praise is discordant. I think it was Tacitus who said of Agricola, "To refer to the virtues of such a man would be to disparage them."

Offering the single suggestion that he is in the regular line of promotion, I have the honor, gentlemen, to present the name of my colleague, the Hon. George B. Sloan, of Oswego.

The Albany correspondent of the Utica Herald speaks of the above speech in very flattering terms, and the New York Times says:

"Mr. Peck, of Oswego, a new member, and Mr. Sloan's colleague, rose and nominated that gentleman in a speech so pointed, so well turned, and in such excellent taste, that it made the best possible impression on the House. It was brief; it was not too laudatory; it omitted nothing which ought to have been said, and it may be added that it marked Mr. Peck as one of the men who would be listened to in the coming session. As soon as he sat down, Dr. Hayes, of New York, rose and nominated Mr. Husted. His speech was good, but scarcely so effective as Mr. Peck's had been. He paid a high compliment to Mr. Sloan, as Mr. Peck had spoken cordially and justly of Mr. Husted."

—The amount paid as teachers' wages in this State the past year was nearly $8,000,000.

—It is not true that Mexico is entirely buried in snow. The tallest chimneys are still visible.

—Counterfeit dimes are in circulation, well executed in composition metal but lacking the ring of the silver.

—During the last fiscal year the State of New York expended over $12,000,000 for its public schools.

News of the Week.

The Massachusetts Supreme Court has sustained the lower court in it decision that Israelites are amendable to the laws regulating the observance of Sunday.

The ice extends sixty miles down the Chespeake Bay. No vessels have arrived at Baltimore.

The town of Darlington, S. C., was fired simultaneously in three places Friday morning. The office of the Darlington Southern railway and another building were destroyed, but the exertions of the people saved the town. This makes the fourth attempt to burn Darlington during the past two months.

The fire in the Lykens Valley mines, Pennsylvania, is still raging. The damage done already will exceed $200,000. A thousand men are thrown out of employment. It is doubtful whether, in case the fire is extinguished, work will be resumed before next summer.

A great masquerade sleighing carnival took place, Saturday afternoon, on Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, that thoroughfare being alive with sleighs of every description, and the occupants grotesquely attired and masked. The sidewalks were lined with thousands of people.

At the scene of the Ashtabula disaster a gold Roman locket and chain were found, Saturday, bearing the monogram of M. Etta Hamlin, and the date "May 19, 1875." The remains of Miss Libbie Myers, of Buffalo, were identified by friends, Saturday.

A Madrid dispatch says the extradition treaty between Spain and the United States has been signed. It applies to all criminal offenses except those of a political nature.

Commodore Vanderbilt died in New York, Jan. 4, aged 82.

The democrats have two majority in the Indiana Senate and the republicans ten majority in the House.

Eugene Frazier, of Cornell, has been elected president of the Inter-collegiate Literary Association.

Aug. Schell was on Monday elected Chairman of Tammany.

The Louisiana Trouble.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 9, 1:20 P. M.—About three thousand of the Nicholls' militia are under arms on the levee, at the foot of Decauter street, and it is reported a demand for the surrender of the State house will be made this afternoon. The forces under Packard do not exceed three hundred. The United States sloop Ossippee and the Monitor Canonicus are lying off the foot of Poidras street. United States Marshal Pitkin is in constant communication with Washington. Chief Justice Leedering this morning issued an order removing Civil Sheriff Handy, and appointing Alfred Burgess. Handy was acting under Nicholls. The republicans report that two regiments from Mississippi, and one from Alabama, are with Ogden, the democratic commander.

2 P. M.—The following proclamation has just been issued:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, NEW ORLEANS.

To the People of Louisiana:

I should be most profoundly surprised and disappointed should any citizen of Louisiana at this moment so far forget himself as to be guilty of any excess whatever. There is danger in collecting together in large bodies. I urge you, therefore, to return at once peacefully to your homes. The greater the wrongs to which you have been subjected, the greater to your credit should your recognize and recollect your own simple and plain duty as citizens. Let no one be injured, however obnoxious he may be, and let the people of the whole country see that we are law-abiding, just and moderate. FRANCIS T. NICHOLLS, Governor of Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 9, 3 P. M.—About half-past two, some one in the crowd in St. Louis street, fired two pistol shots into the auditor's office in the lower portion of the State house. Three shots were returned from within, causing great excitement. Nobody was hurt. Soon after Mayor Austin rode up and read Nicholls' proclamation to the crowd. A part dispersed, the larger portion, however remaining. At this hour Nicholls and Chief of Police Boylan are endeavoring to disperse the crowd.

The Bennett-May Duel.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 9.—The particulars of the Bennett-May duel are as follows: The meeting took place a mile from Marydell, Md., at one o'clock yesterday. The party carried blankets, overcoats, two cases of pistols and surgical instruments. They represented themselves as railroad officials, May saying he was a director of the Pennsylvania railroad, Bennett giving the name of Daniel Drew and stating that his mission was to purchase the Maryland and Deleware railroad. To several parties they reported themselves as hunters. Three shots were fired without injury to either, after which the entire party left the ground, returning to Marydell separately. The Bennett party secured a conveyance to Clayton, Bennett himself appearing nervous and depressed, and subsequently took a special train for Philadelphia. The May party went to Slaughter's Station, thence to Dover and to Philadelphia this morning. A Mr. Tilghman was with Mr. May, but the names of the others present at the duel are not yet ascertained. It is believed that both men are satisfied, and that there will be no other hostile meeting. Bennett and friends will leave for New York at midnight.

The N. Y. Express says that after the first round May was found to have been hit, and his seconds conveyed him to a sleigh, where it was found that his wound would prevent another exchange of shots, which had been demanded by Mr. Bennett.

Meteorology.

What a month of storms December has been. Hoary Boreas must certainly have left the northern door uncommonly ajar when he took his pose on the pole for a survey of fresh regions to harass, or else he must have met unusual resistance at the tropics, the rebound is so terific.

The remarkable characteristic of this month, in this locality, is the heavy snow-fall, accompanied with unusually strong winds, and consequently large snow-drifts.

Snow fell on 21 different days during the month. The amount of snow-fall was 40¼ inches more than fell in December, 1875. Only once during the past 25 years have we had so large a snow-fall in December as the one just past. This was 69¾ inches, in 1868.

The average temperature at 7 a. m. was 15.2°, at 2 p. m., 21.3°, and at 9 p. m, 17°. Mean, 17.6°. This has been the coldest December during the above time. Warmest, 30.5°, in 1861. Highest temperature, 47°, on the 13th; lowest, 8° below zerow, on the 17th.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1877.

The Late P. P. Bliss.

Evangelical song lost its greatest exponent when Phillip P. Bliss stayed by the car in Ashtabula creek and burned to death rather than save himself and leave his wife and children to perish alone. No act could have been more characteristic of the great heart of the man. I have never known a more generous man, or a more affectionate nature. He was, so far as I know, entirely free from professional envy and ill-will of every kind. As a musician he had a call to a particular line of work. When I first knew him (in 1863,) he had, I think, the finest bass voice I ever heard. This, taken in connection with his magnificent physique and noble personal appearance, pointed him out, I thought, as one likely to find his way on to the stage as a singer. But while he enjoyed singing in public such things as the bass parts in "Elijah," "Moses in Egypt," "The Creation," and the "Messiah," none of his successes in this line seemed to turn his head.

In 1869 or 1870 he took charge of the choir of the First Congregational Church in this city, and presently afterward was elected Superintendent of the Sabbath School. Here he began to find his level. For, although Mr. Bliss was not distinctively a teacher—lacking the analytic habit of mind indispensable to the highest success in that vocation—he had other qualities perhaps even more valuable for the work of the superintendency. Under his care the school increased from an attendance of about 250 to 700. It was here that he composed many of his most popular songs. I remember to have visited the school the Sunday that the lesson was about Daniel, and Mr. Bliss introduced his new song, "Dare to be a Daniel," singing the solo himself, and teaching the chorus by note. As long ago as 1869 Mr. Root remarked that Mr. Bradbury's mantle had fallen on Mr. Bliss. This some of us then thought was too high praise. But as we now look at him we see that as a writer of Sunday school songs Phillip P. Bliss was decidedly superior to Bradbury, inasmuch as he had equal facility as a writer of words and music. It is true that neither words and music rise to high flights of imagination. They are rather the lyrics of average humanity, simple, natural people's songs. No poet or composer has contributed so much to the singing of the Moody and Sankey meetings. All the world over you will hear "Hold the Fort," "Almost Persuaded," "When Jesus Comes," and "We're Going Home To-morrow." These simple and beautiful melodies are sung not in hours of levity and mirth, but in those sweet and tender moments when the heart of man rises toward God, and his soul longs for immortality and heaven. The composer who can write songs for these the most precious moments of life we receive into our hearts, and surely no name is more warmly enshrined in the hearts of Christian people than the name of Phillip P. Bliss, who, as Mr. Moody says, was "a prince among men." *Chicago Times.*

NEW YORK MILLS, N. Y., Oct. 2, '76.

We have sold Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup for about four years. It has the best sale of any medicine we keep. Our customers say it is the best of its kind. We have used it in our families, and recommend it to all as a healing balsam for the lungs. Safe to use, and prompt in its effects. We are authorized to warrant it in every case. No cure no pay! Use it for croup and whooping cough.

WM. SEELYE & BRO.

No one can give so reliable information in regard to the value and sale of a medicine as the dealer. Ask your druggist what he knows about this remedy. Gratuitous samples can almost always be obtained. For sale by dealers generally. 50-4w.

☞ A Western newspaper has the following notice: "All notices of marriage, where no bride cake is sent, will be set up in small type and poked in an outlandish corner of the paper. Where a handsome piece of cake is sent, the notice will be put conspicuously in large letters; when gloves or other bride favors are added, a piece of illustrative poetry will be given in addition. When, however, the editor attends at the ceremony in person, and kisses the bride, it will have special notice—very large type, and the most appropriate poetry that can be begged, borrowed, or stolen."

—A large number of the employes of the Rome, Watertown & Ogdensburg Railroad in the shops at Rome, were suspended last week, with the privilege of laying off a month and working a month. Some of the best men were suspended.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Arcade, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL :—We had another snow storm the other day of greater fury than the one I wrote about in my last letter. I could feel the house jar as the wind rushed furiously around it. Some people thought it was the severest storm that we have had for many years. I could hardly breathe when facing it. Nothing was stirring on the road all day long, except the 'bus. Oh! think of the poor in large cities! Are many deaf-mutes suffering? I hope not. The deaf-mute farmers can manage to shield themselves and their families from the danger of freezing or starving during these long and severe winters much better than the poor deaf-mutes in cities. What a great blessing it is to the farmers to have a plenty of produce in their cellars and barns; to the citizens to save all the money they can, so that they may live with comfort during these cold seasons. I asked a mechanic if we should have better times in the spring, and he replied, "Yes, if Tilden is elected."

Agreeable to my promise, I will give an account of my visit to New York city. I arrived there from Newark in time to attend the meeting of the Manhattan Deaf-mute Association at St. Ann's Church, and was very cordially greeted there. I need not describe the debate, as your correspondent has already written about it, but will tell you what I learned in regard to the action of the association about the expulsion of Geo. Farley. I had heard of it, but could not believe that he was really guilty, because he is a highly educated fellow. I therefore determined to find out the truth myself. Mr. Farley took part in the debate, and was opposed by only one or two persons. After the debate was over, he asked the association to grant him a second trial, as his first one was very unfair. Some objected, others hesitated, and some cheerfully agreed to it. When the vote was taken, a majority of only three objected to the second trial. Then Mr. Farley took his hat and went out, feeling that he was very much wronged. The charges against him were not very bad, for they consisted mostly of sarcasm and rough jokes, with but a few serious charges. Some voted for his expulsion because of personal quarrels. Mr. F. admitted that he had neglected the duties of secretary several times, but the association could easily have removed him from the office or appointed a temporary secretary, instead of maliciously defaming his reputation. I do not mean to find fault with the association, but feel obliged to defend my good friend. The other members have made many bad blunders, but nevertheless I very much wish that their efforts shall be crowned with every success, and they set a brilliant example before all the deaf-mute societies in the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Farley are a very pleasant couple. They welcomed me heartily and treated me like a good old classmate, as I am.

I visited my *alma mater* for over a week and will never forget the kindness of the genial Superintendent, Dr. Porter, to me during my stay. The object of my visit was to learn the facts about all the different methods of instruction, so that I might be able to teach my pupil much better than before, as I have had no previous experience. I assure you that the buildings are in very good condition, and it is clearly evident that the directors have done their utmost to make all the necessary sanitary arrangements regardless of expense, in order to promote the health and welfare of the pupils. We sincerely hope that the institution will never have to pass through another sad trial like that at the time of the typhoid fever.

I found my pleasant friend, Dr. Peet, at his honored post, and when he recognized me, he took me warmly by the hand, saying that he was very much pleased to see me. After I had told him about my pupil, he said that he regarded his "Language Lessons" as the most useful and adaptable for young deaf-mutes, and advised me to go to the "Mansion House" or the "Infant's Department," and see how they were taught there.

The next day I visited the Mansion House. Truly what they do is a wonder—a marvel. There are more than fifty bright boys between the ages of five and ten years, under the charge of Mr. Van Tassel and Miss Rice. The latter asked her advanced class many questions which were promptly answered. She is a very devoted teacher. After school I noticed that the little boys flocked around her like lively lambs, as they went out to the woods under her care, for the purpose of picking up nuts or playing in the fresh air.

I bade my kind friends farewell and left New York for Buffalo Nov. 23d, by way of Philadelphia. As I was much exhausted I gave myself up to sound slumber. In a few minutes after leaving Harrisburg, the conductor came along and shook me violently, and when I showed him my ticket, he spoke to me. I motioned to him that I was deaf, and and at once took out pencil and paper, and he wrote, "You ought to have changed cars at Harrisburg. Get out at the first stop and go back." I rubbed my eyes, and for some reason felt like blowing out my brains. I arrived at the first station, about 30 miles on the Penn. Central RR. In about two hours the Pittsburg train carried me back to H. free of charge, and at 11 A. M., I resumed my journey on the right track—Philadelphia & Erie—which traverses a region unsurpassed for picturesqueness and diversified natural productions, and passes along the beautiful Susquehanna river for over sixty miles. The train moved slowly and cautiously, perhaps on account of the many curves. While I was reading a morning paper, the train telescoped with a coal train with great force, and I saw the conductors and brakemen, running to the fence, fearing that the locomotives might explode. The freight train being heavier pushed our train several rods. When they came to a standstill, we went out and viewed the accident. Both engines were entangled together in a firm clasp, and could not be separated until after two hours' hard work. Then we went on with a new engine, never suspecting that would meet another accident. When it came dark I fell asleep; soon we were started by a violent shock, and on going out discovered that our train had collided with another freight train that was moving very slowly. The engine and one caboose were demolished. The engineer could not see the freight train, because of the curves, till too late to save the engine. We were all safe, but were badly frightened.

I can never forget the terrible accident which befell my mother and myself near Buffalo two years ago. While our train was crossing the Erie track very slowly, an express train from Niagara Falls came thundering along with lightning rapidity. We saw it coming directly towards us, and my mother spelled out "collision," and I became bewildered, but she quickly pressed me against her bosom, and in a moment the engine struck our car, turning it over, and then suddenly stopped. The car became almost a mass of debris; and my mother and myself crawled out without any help, but she was more severely injured than I. About seven passengers died from the injuries then received, and many of the rest were severely wounded.

I spent Thanksgiving with an aunt at South Wales, where we had a magnificent dinner.

Yours truly, S. H. H.

Arcade, Dec. 18th, 1876.

Letter from the Centennial State.

BOULDER, Colorado, Dec. 25, 1876.

EDITOR JOURNAL :—You will remember that I promised to furnish your esteemed paper with some items of interest from the Centennial State. I am glad to be able to keep my word, even at this late day.

Christmas has come with all its blessings and happiness, and affords me an opportunity to enjoy sweet rest from work, and also to think of friends. I say, without boasting, that I have many dear friends among the readers of the JOURNAL, of which I feel very proud. And allow me to send, through your worthy paper, to all my friends a Christmas greeting from the high Rocky Mountains.

I think it would be interesting and proper that I should furnish a short account of this Centennial State for the readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, which seems to be the "sun" of the deaf-mute press.

The first news about this country was obtained by Spanish explorers in 1540, who learned that there was a beautiful country in the north, remarkable for its sunny skies and high mountains, and inhabited by a savage race who had plenty of "beans and home-spun goods, gold, silver and precious gems." They called this sunny land "Coronado," after their captain. Three centuries later, the Pike's Peakers, who in 1858–59, started the first white settlement here, Americanized the name into Colorado. It has an average width of 275 miles north and south, and 380 miles east and west. The plains occupy about one third of this area, and the Rocky Mountains, which pass through the centre, the rest. The country east of the mountains, which, aside from the mining towns and camps, is the only part of Colorado that is settled, is watered by the South Platte and Arkansas, these head-waters being separated by the Divide, giving the former and its tributaries to the northern, and the latter to the southern part of the State. In the north is Wyoming, in the south New Mexico, east Kansas and Nebraska, and west, Utah. There are 26 counties; area, 86,029 square miles; population, 139,700; valuation, $44,781,931.

These figures, extracted from an annual report of a Denver publisher of this year, make all further comment about this land unnecessary and may well be studied by many a mute reader who has the misfortune to be out of work. And he may be afforded an opportunity to try his luck in this rich country.

I don't see why I should not give a few details of my settlement in this country, as I think they would interest some of your readers.

Leaving New York on July 6th last, I arrived six days later at Denver, the capitol of Colorado. After having learned everything possible about the nature and trade of this land, I went straight to Boulder to engage in the work of mining. The beginning was difficult; nevertheless, I was plucky enough to improve steadily in this business. I discovered after a long and toilsome prospecting, a rich bellurium mine, and the full-timbered lode, where the first shaft started was called Deaf-mutes' Lode, because it was discovered and worked by the deaf-mutes only. Several weeks thereafter I wrote to my brother Ignace Rotter, and my friend Albert Kadgiehn of New York, to come at once and help me in the work. Soon another fine lode, called the Gilt Edge, came into our possession, and both these lodes were located and registered in the Boulder Districts' Office. Near both lodes we built, on the railroad between Boulder and Caribon, a neat cabin for ourselves, and fitted it up in a tasty style, which met with hearty applause from many neighboring miners. This cabin was built up with little cost, and, of course, of wood only, which is plenty everywhere in the mountains, and is situated on the romantic Boulder Creek, six miles from Boulder town. Its foaming waters are said, by some friend of nature, to eclipse the sceneries of the Yosemite Valley as well as of the Niagara Falls in some respects. Our being in this romantic part of the Rocky Mountains, reminds us of Robinson Crusoe, who was alone and isolated on his isle. Nevertheless, we live here quite happy, and continue to bring forth our treasures from the depth of mother earth.

Yours respectfully,

F. ROTTER.

Christmas at Fanwood.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

As it may be of interest to the readers of the JOURNAL to know how Christmas passed with us, I will try to tell them as well as my poor command of language will allow.

On Sunday evening, (Christmas Eve,) our new stereoptican was brought out for the first time. It is a splendid instrument of the most exquisite wood work, and nickel plated, which makes it shine like polished silver. Altogether it cost about $600—quite a little sum, and one which guarantees its being of the first quality.

The views provided were appropriate for both Sunday and Christmas eve. They were pictures of things that happened on that same night eighteen hundred and seventy-six years ago, and were astonishingly real, the same star that appeared to the Magi, with multitudes of others shining out clear and bright, just as they do in the clear Arabian sky. Then there were some pictures representing scenes in our Lord's after life, and then the lovely old hymn "The Rock of Ages" was first produced in writing, and then by this instrument, it seems to me was the most sublimely beautiful, and it would be absurd to attempt a description with my pen. A "Merry Christmas," thrown on the wall closed the entertainment, and we departed to dreamland. If the directors could have seen the happy faces the little ones carried away with them, I am sure they would have felt amply repaid for their expense.

Christmas morning came, and during breakfast "M. C's." were flying round as thick as hailstones and it was impossible to escape being hit, though few would own themselves vanquished. There was no school, and the boys and girls made merry till half-past twelve when they assembled in the chapel to hear Dr. Peet, who made some funny remarks which put them in good order for dinner, and then closed with prayer. Next came the dinner, which was above criticism and which was transferred to their insides in a remarkably short time. All the afternoon we amused ourselves as we pleased, and after supper all assembled in the chapel to witness the wonders of our stereopticon under the care of Prof. Clarke. We were treated to a series of views in which beauty, fun and grandeur were about equally mixed. There was the fellow who was fishing and didn't look behind him when he ought to have done so, and consequently an old "male cow" tried its horns on his rear, sending him to bait the fishes he was trying to catch. Then there was the gentleman who believed that exercise strengthens the body. There was not an ounce of spare flesh on his body, and when he treated us to an exhibition of his agility, his arms and legs flew around like a wind mill in a gale, and for convenience's sake he used his head for a dumb bell. But, poor fellow, I fear he was too much of a mononiac, for his exercise had made him a perfect *skeleton*. Next it was announced that we should see the face of the father of our institution, and the kindly face of old Dr. H. P. Peet shone down on us from the wall, and was met by enthusiastic applause. Then we were told we should see the face of the best and truest friend that deaf-mutes ever had, and then appeared the familiar face of our Principal, Dr. I. L. Peet, and then there arose a storm of applause that would fain have brought the roof down on our heads. A few more scenes followed and then we adjourned to the girls' sitting room where nuts and candies were distributed among the pupils, and after a pleasant hour spent in play and chatting, &c., we went to bed.

It is very quiet just now, for nearly half the pupils went home to spend the holidays, taking with them half the noise and trouble we generally have. The teachers also have their holidays. They are paired off so that half can be gone the first week, and the other half during the latter week, each teacher taking charge of two classes. The first week expired to-day, and those who have had their holidays, have returned and the other class has gone.

"Mr. Bull, our absent supervisor, has been heard from. He had a safe journey, and already feels better, which is very good news to us, and also to his many friends outside of the institution.

I cannot close without mentioning the decorations which are much finer than they generally are. The High Class study room bears off the palm in this respect, and needs to be seen to be appreciated. Inside of it you would be apt to think yourself in a sylvan bower in Arcadia, instead of a study room. Next comes the large dining room, which looks very fresh and verdant in its hemlock festoons with stars, anchors and flags tastefully disposed on the walls, and with a "Merry Christmas" in laurel leaves in a conspicuous place. Every bit of the decorations were made by the unaided hands of the boys, who also arranged them. All worked with a will, but it seems to me that it would not be out of place to make special mention of Master Richard Welch, who was the master spirit all along.

We have had stereoptical exhibitions every evening of the week thus far, and are going to have microscopic lenses purchased to-day to be used on the instrument.

TULLY.

Washington Heights,
Dec. 29th, 1876.

—Don't worry because of the snow-blockade. We *may* have a thaw between now and next July.

—Messrs. Klock & Crouch, clothing merchants, of Oswego, have made an assignment to R. J. Oliphant.

National Deaf-Mute College Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 31, 76.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL :—There are some students here, who will never believe in the story of Santa Claus again, for on getting up Christmas morning the first thing that their eyes fell upon was a pair of stockings apparently well stuffed, hanging near their beds. For a moment their childhood's belief in Santa Claus came back to their minds, and they thought that the kind, grey-haired old man had remembered them for once more in their lives. Then they eagerly seized their socks, and hurriedly drew out—first old newspapers, then a few pieces of iron, and lastly a few stones.

A soft-headed Soph. got (*in*)gloriously drunk with egg-nog, while making a round of Christmas calls in the city.

A Senior tells the following funny story: When he had one of his teeth extracted, he put a pea in its place, and a few days afterwards when he took the pea out, he found to his great surprise, that it had sprouted, and might have taken root in his mouth if it had been allowed to stay there some time longer.

We are having parties oftener this year than ever before. There was a supper party in room No. 2, a few days ago. But the best party of the season was given on the 29th inst., at Mr. Bryant's house, where only a select few were invited. The young ladies went home at ten o'clock, and the young gentlemen were left to enjoy themselves as best they could in their absence, having been denied the pleasure of escorting them home. Jackson of '82 then amused the rest of the party by assuming the style of several persons, well known to most of the students. He also took the character of a pretty young lady, aping her coquettish manners and mincing gait, in which role he succeeded to the satisfaction of some inflammable hearts present, who declared they had never seen a prettier girl. Jackson will carry off the palm as the best actor in this college, now that the inimitable Jones of '76 has gone.

Yesterday a practical joke was played upon the dignified Seniors and sedate Juniors, by the rest of the classes. These two classes received a letter of invitation purporting to be from our matron, Miss Pratt, to take tea with her in the evening. After having spent nearly the whole afternoon in preparing for this great event they went into the parlor just before supper-time. They greatly astonished the professors by taking possession of everything in the room, and making themselves generally at home. The teachers were not a little puzzled to account for this strange conduct, but upon one of them demanding the reason of such behavior, the truth leaked out. The discomfited guests were about to rush forth to wreak their vengeance on the one who had fooled them, when Miss Pratt taking pity on them because of their sheepish looks, asked them to stay, and said that supper would be ready for them in a few minutes. It will be long before the sapient Seniors and grave Juniors cease to be the laughing stock of this college.

But they had their revenge, for when the other classes went to spend the evening with the young ladies of the institution, they were told that they had been engaged for the evening, and were in the parlor with the fooled party. The rest of the students then held an indignation meeting, and went in a body to the house of Acting-President Fay, but they received no satisfaction for their imaginary wrongs.

STUDENT.

Letter from West Henniker, N. H.

WEST HENNIKER, N. H., Dec. 31, '76.

DEAR EDITOR :—James G. Wikins, of North Branch, N. H., is an industrious mute and is skilled in making coffins, caskets, book-cases and secretaries. He has a nice farm from which he, his mute wife and their three children—one boy and two girls—obtain a comfortable living.

It is pleasant to me to be able to say that probably no mute journal in our country is more popular and successful than the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of Mexico, N. Y., and as it gives a great deal of deaf-mute news, it ought to be encouraged by every intelligent mute.

Three interesting events of 1876—the centennial; it being leap year; and the presidential year. The first will not occur again till 1976; then we will all probably be in the next world. The centennial anniversary of the arrival of Gallaudet and Clerc in this country will occur in August, 1916; so it is only forty years hence. Most of us of 1876, will, in all probability, have passed to our final rest long ere that time. The mute graduates of America may assemble at Hartford, to the number of 1,000 to 5,000 to celebrate the arrival of Gallaudet and Clerc, and perhaps we and thousands of others may come from the skies to look on and see how the mutes enjoy themselves at Hartford, in August, 1916. I hope that the valuable watch of the late Laurent Clerc, given to me by his venerable widow, will ever be in safe hands, and will be on exhibition at the grand assembly in 1916. Perhaps April 15th, 1917, will be preferred—one hundred years from the time when school began.

I, as one of Gallaudet and Clerc's oldest pupils, hope all your readers will have a happy New Year.

Yours truly,

THOMAS BROWN.

—If the weather be favorable, Rev. Dr. Holmes will preach his historical sermon next Sunday evening, in the M. E. church.

—On account of the snow-blockade, our merchants, last week, only sold about $50,000 worth of goods.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal Good Company.

EDITOR JOURNAL :—Enclosed you will find three dollars, one-half of which is for the renewal of my subscription for 1877, and the remainder to pay for a new subscription for one year, which my friend Jacob Hamerly, of Rock Island, Ill., sends. I am in favor of the JOURNAL, which is an interesting paper for its readers. I find good company in perusing the JOURNAL. Please publish this in your popular paper.

Yours truly,

J. NORRIS AUSTIN.

Montrose, Pa., Dec. 21, 1876.

The Central New York Institution.

Of our eighty-five pupils, but twenty, if so many, remain with us. All the others have gone home for the holidays, and are having a good time, we hope.

Mr. W. T. Collins, of Troy, made us a short visit about Christmas. Mr. C. O. Upham, of Watertown, dropped in about the same time.

The school being so small, special sessions only are held, thus giving the officers a slight vacation, and enabling them to breathe other than Roman air, if so inclined.

Rome has gained one in mute population, and Mexico lost by the same number, by the marriage that has recently been announced in the JOURNAL. Mrs. Evans and your correspondent were classmates in New York, graduating at the same time, and never supposed they would find themselves here six years afterwards.

Last Wednesday, when the institution was exceedingly quiet, and all present smoothly engaged about their several duties, two monster sleighs drove up filled to overflowing with the Oneida County Board of Supervisors. They filed into the parlor, and after a short speech from Principal Nelson, went with him over the buildings on a tour of inspection, and pronounced themselves pleased with what they saw. We were sorry they did not come before the holidays; then they might have seen some school-room work.

We had a candy-pull in our dining-room Friday evening. The molasses was excellent and boiled just right, after which it was pulled down to the required shade and quality, and then devoured.

Our new City Directory is out. Persons from abroad have but to look inside to know where to find us, individually or collectively. The preface has a brief history of the city, and the present interests are described. I quote that which concerns us:

"INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES.—Already a school is in progress for the teaching of deaf-mutes, though not as favorable as is promised soon to be. Between seven and eight acres of land have been donated in the north-west part of the city, for the erection of a fine building, commandable to the city, with a capacity for two hundred pupils, with other necessary apartments, to be commenced during the summer of 1877, at a cost of about $60,000, and known as the Central New York Institution for Deaf-mutes, the first of the kind in the State out of New York City."

We hope that the prophecy will be fulfilled better than the almanac "weather conjectures," out about this time of year.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1877.

Washington Correspondence.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, '77.

Many of our citizens, especially those of the middle and lower classes, experienced a feeling of disappointment when New Year's morning dawned gray and dismal, and their discomfiture deepened as the day advanced and the snow began to fall, driven earthward by a piercing east wind. New Year's day is to grown people, here, what Christmas is to the children. The ladies, after converting their parlors and dining-rooms into greenhouses, by means of decorations and garlandings of evergreens, flowers, blossoming plants and so on, array themselves in their finest attire and hold themselves ready to "receive" any or all of the masculine persuasion who may choose to present themselves at their doors. Gentlemen don their gayest suits' dressing themselves with all possible nicety, in party or ballroom gloves and, armed with more or less significant bits of pasteboard, devote themselves to calling upon lady friends and acquaintances. Nor need a gentleman's calling be confined to these; he has the right—for this day only—of visiting any lady friend or acquaintance of any member of his family or of any of his friends. This gives all needful range, and generally a young man's calling list in this vicinity, gives him ample employment for the day and evening. But last Monday was too severe to admit of much of "this sort of thing;" by mid-day callers had become like angel's visits and before night-fall the streets were deserted, the wind and snow had the out-of-doors world all to themselves, and they frolicked and danced and whirled till it seemed as if the elements were greeting the New Year with a grand carnival—or, perhaps, holding a roistering wake at the funeal of the poor, care-worn old century, just departed, whose widding-sheet was encompassing everything around in its white folds. At all events, Washington has been visited by the heaviest snowstorm that has been known here for two or three decades. From twelve to fifteen inches of snow fell. School children, pavement cleaners and those able to procure a horse and any sort of a vehicle on runners—from a willow thing that looks like a huge clothes-basket on a rude sled to an old crockery crate on wooden runners—are enjoying the unusual quantity of snow, but the majority of the people, totally unprepared for such weather, and unable to take pleasureable advantage of it, are far from happy. The storm is said to have been much more severe farther north. Many trains have been delayed and obstructed—which accounts, probably, for the non-appearance of the absent Congressmen. It was supposed that serious business would be re-commenced at the Capitol on Wednesday following New Year's, but the House could get no quorum for the whole day, and the Senate, after waiting half an hour for one more member to arrive at last, made out a quorum—without a man to spare—and proceeded to the presentation and referring of various bills, petitions, &c., of little interest to the general public.

Both the House and Senate committees on counting the electoral vote have have held several sessions, but there has been no joint meeting as yet, and it is understood that there will be none till all necessary authorities and precedents have been looked up, when the committees will be able to come together and agree upon a joint report which will be so perfectly prepared, and so satisfactory in all its points as to need little or no discussion or revision.

Reports from the Southern investigating committees are not encouraging, and the idea of a wholly new election is fast gaining ground among thinking and intelligent men, especially since the lately expressed opinion of the President that such a course would, possibly, be the speediest way out of the sad political dilemma in which the country now finds itself.

Mr. Barnes, the New Orleans telegraph manager, who refused to deliver up certain papers and telegrams that have passed through his office relative to the election in Louisiana, was arraigned before the bar of the House, yesterday, for contempt, but at the request of his counsel, was granted till to-day at 2 o'clock P. M., to answer. A similar case is before the Senate, of W. C. Turner, an operator in Oregon.

Yesterday, Senator Conkling, presented a memorial of bankers and other business men in New York, expressing their gratification that a joint committee had been appointed for the furtherance of the settlement of the vexed question of a method for counting the electoral vote, and Mr. Wright called up his bill relative to the formation of a Court for the purpose of deciding all questions of the same character. This elicited some discussion which resulted in nothing definite.

The House, ignoring all political subjects, passed the bill giving $8 per month to soldiers of the Mexican, Black Hawk and Florida wars, or to their widows. The bill has now to pass the Senate which its friends believe can be done without opposition.

It is reported, to-day, that, for some unexplained reason, in connection with the gamblers-police investigation that has been going on here for two or three weeks past, the President has asked the the entire board to resign their offices.

M. M. W.

GOSSIP FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1877.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

The gossip of club, saloon, hotel and private house, at present, all concentrates upon the whereabouts of Mr. Bennett and Mr. May, and the probable manner in which they will end the quarrel commenced. It is generally admitted that a duel must be the result, and that to find a desirable spot for such a contest is what they both have gone in search of. There are so many opinions in the matter, as there are people to discuss it, and the one who knows the least about it is the one who talks with the most pronounced assurance. Some are warm on the side of Bennett; and others on that of Mr. May; and through the whole discussion the Herald says not a word pro or con.

One can hardly help considering it the best taste, for one could not imagine what it could say, but it is altogether at variance with the policy that governed that paper under the elder Bennett's administration. Any one who could make such a quaint announcement as he did concerning his approaching marriage, could not have let this chance go by to publish news and bring himself prominently before the public.

Dr. May takes the matter very much to heart and looks pale and worried. Miss May sees no person except her own family and is said to be equally divided between anxiety for her late lover and her brother. If either fall there ends all hope af her marriage. It is said that Bennett had spoken slightingly of her when under the influence of liquor, and that it was on this account that young May assaulted him. At all events, society is anxiously awaiting the result, for Miss May is a great favorite here, and anything that causes her anxiety or that should end in serious trouble to her, would be deeply regretted by those who know her.

For weeks and months every paper has had a reporter in the vicinity of Vanderbilt's house who occasionally made night hideous and disturbed the neighborhood, but generally went and asked whoever was on duty, what the condition of the railway king was, and then retired to the nearest beer shop or the rooms engaged for them in the University building near by. This is all over, however, and the history of the Commodore from the time he was a poor, uneducated boy, until the date of his death, when he was a rich, self-educated man, has, in connection with the Bennett trouble filled the newspapers.

Sunday was the last of earth so far as he was concerned. He was buried from the church which he gave to Dr. Deems some years ago, more quietly and unostentatiously, than any of his rich compeers who have gone before. The casket was said to have cost $5,000, and was made by the Raymond Manufacturing company. Its metallic surface was entirely concealed by the velvet covering. The inside was lined by pearl-colored satin and a pillow of the same held the reverend head of the deceased octogenarian. The ornaments were of solid silver, as were the handles. There were no pall-bearers, for those selected years ago by the Commodore were nearly all dead, and it was his own wish that there should be none. After the simple service, the remains were taken to the Staten Island Ferry, where two boats were in readiness to convey the friends to the Island, where, at New Dorp, the remains were placed in the family tomb.

Mrs. Vanderbilt is about forty years old, and is a very handsome and well-preserved woman. "Ah! isn't she to be envied?" said a young and pretty matron to me the other day, and I am afraid that is very much the opinion of all New York women, and perhaps of many others. Business, the club, and other outside attractions leave so many women practically widows, without the freedom of the real estate, that there are many who do not feel it such a terrible change, when the dread event occurs that makes them in fact that which they might as well have been.

Whatever may have been said to the contrary, the Brooklyn horror has left its traces behind in the meagre audiences that attend our theatres. "But they look full," says the novice, who is not initiated in the mysteries of paper. When 1,200 doctors and 1,800 dentists attended one of these resorts last week, the house looked full, but did not altogether pay.

The snow and the ice blockades in the river have driven us nearly frantic, and the result has been that New York ladies have worn more genuine winter wraps than ever before. With snow banks piled up six feet high and mud and slush in the streets, they have been obliged to lay aside their handsome silk and velvet petticoats, and wear them of heavy camel's hair.

Furs are universal both as trimmings and for entire garments. The boa is fastened behind, and the muff is so small that it is difficult to get both hands in at the same time.

The fashionable bottine for the present season is made very high and finished with fur. A thin lining of cork or of waterproof cloth is added to prevent the feet from being frozen from the salt that is sometimes used in the streets. It is prohibited on the car tracks except in certain places, but there it is used so profusely as to make it exceedingly dangerous; hence the new and excellent walking boot.

PALERMO.

For the week past there has been a dearth of news in this place.

The democratic "rooster" that once did crow in this town seems to be "kind o' ailin,'" his crow at present sounds more like the wail of despair than a song of triumph, and his tail-feathers hang low and drooping as though he had been out all night in a rain-storm. We advise his friends to put a prop under his chin so that he can hold up his head while they give him a strong dose of *pepper tea*. And the flag, too, that once floated proudly on the breeze, bearing the name of Tilden and Hendricks is now (what there is to be seen of it) a good representative of a played-out party, for only a small remnant now floats or rather dangles in the air.

Yu No.

Palermo, Jan. 8, 1877.

☞ A case of lawyers breaking the law occurred at Colosse last night, near the hour of midnight. A suit was on before Justice Richardson. The counsel were Marvin E. Milliken, Esq., Rondout, N. Y., and Delosse Weeden, Esq., Holmesville, N. Y. During the summing up, Weeden having the floor, the expounders got into an altercation on matters outside the case, twitting on facts in which they seemed personally interested, and when Milliken rose in his dignity and entered a NOLLE PROSEQUI, not by a rule of law laid down in the books, but by assailing the posterior of his legal opponent with his boots. A warrant was called for by Weeden. While it was being drawn up by Justice Richardson, E. F. Richardson obtained a warrant from Justice Potter of this place, and before the other was served, Milliken was arrested by Constable Wightman and brought here about 3 A. M, and was arraigned before Justice Potter and was fined $1.00 and costs, which he paid, and offered Weeden the balance of his pile for another kick. Weeden did not want to make money out of the affair and did'nt join issue. The case in which these learned lawyers were engaged at Colosse, resulted in a judgement in favor of the plaintiff, of six cents. Thus has the law been vindicated.—*Parish Mirror.*

Police Justice Fenton's Discharge.

No one will rejoice more than our townspeople that our worthy police justice, Mr. J. W. Fenton, has been fully and unequivocally acquitted of the recent groundless charges made against him, after a thorough and searching examination before United States Commissioner Northrop, in Syracuse. Hon. S. C. Huntington, of this village, was employed by the defence, the prosecution being conducted by District Attorney Pound. As an esteemed friend of the writer and a worthy public officer, we heartily congratulate Mr. Fenton on his perfect exoneration from the slightest suspicion of the illegal practices with which he was charged.—*Pulaski Democrat.*

—"Old Bereas" seems to have a spite against Sunday services, as the past four Sabbaths have been very stormy, in consequence of which the attendance at our churches was very slim.

—We have almost enough of the "beautiful" to make sleighing.

Trust.

The tide of life is vast and deep,
  Its flow is ever onward;
Down rugged clifts—up lofty steeps,
  It keeps its course straight onward.

Like needle to the magnet true,
  Our souls will still tend upward;
Through storms and clouds of darkest hue,
  It keeps its course straight onward.

As storms will bid the magnet stray,
  So passion leads us wayward;
But storms and passion pass away,
  And still we're tending onward.

The heart of life throbs deep and strong,
  Our spirits list in wonder;
We feel the mighty, loving arm,
  Which naught on earth can sunder—

Lifting our souls up through the mist,
  Up into lives more holy;
With patience let our souls be clad,
  Although the veil lifts slowly.

The march of life is onward still;
  Onward and upward ever;
The depths of evil soon are found,
  The lights of goodness, never.

S. M. A.

How Far Off the Sun Is.

Light, which travels with amazing velocity, required eight minutes to reach the earth. Sound would require fourteen years to travel from the sun to the earth, so that if we saw an explosion at its surface it would be fourteen years before we could hear it. But if we could place a rod of iron from the earth to the sun, and then strike it with a hammer on one end, the sound would reach the opposite end in about eleven months. But perhaps the most singular illustration of the sun's distance was drawn from the human economy. Sensation took a certain time to travel to the nerve centers; and if we could imagine a human infant with an arm long enough to reach the sun, it would take 150 years for the sensation to reach him after burning his fingers; in other words, he would be dead several years before the sensation of burning could reach him. The sun's distance was so inconceivable that it was only by making such comparisons we could form any idea of it at lal.—*Prof Young.*

Anecdote of President Grant.

This neat bit of humor of President Grant's appears now for the first time in print:

Just before the close of the last session of Congress, while riding out one day, he was struck with the appearance of a horse that was driven before a butcher's cart. The butcher was sent for and asked if he would sell. The butcher would do so for a proper consideration. The proper consideration was estimated $250, which was paid. Subsequently, after driving out with Senator Conkling, the President said, "Come to the stable and look at a new horse I've bought."

Mr. Conkling, who is something of a judge of horses, looked him over thoroughly, poked him here, punched him there, and did all that a first-clas Senator and horseman should do in such a case.

"Where did you get him?" asked the Senator.

"I bought him of a butcher," replied the President.

"How much did you pay for him?"

"Two hundred and and fifty dollars," answered General Grant.

"Well," responded the Senator, "he may be a very good animal, and doubtless is, but if it were my case, I think I should rather have the money than the horse."

"That is what the butcher thought," replied the President.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Powerful Magnet.

Prof. Smyth was once lecturing on natural philosophy, and in the course of his experiments he introduced one of Carrington's most powerful magnets, with which he attracted a block of iron from a distance of two feet.

"Can any of you conceive a greater attractive power?" the lecturer demanded.

"I ken," answered a voice from the audience.

"Not a natural terrestrial object?"

"Yaas, sir."

The professor challenged the man who had spoken to name the thing.

Then up rose old Seth Wimlet. He was a genius in his way, and original. Said he:

"I kin give ye the facts, 'squire, and ye can judge for yourself. When I were a young man, thar were a little piece o' natural magnet, done up in kaliker and dimity, as was called Betsey Jane. She could draw me fourteen miles every Sunday. Sakes alive! it was jest as natural as slidin' down hill. Thar wa'n't no resistin' her. That ere magnet o' yourn is pooty good, but 'tain't a circumstance to the one at 'at draw'd me."

☞ Concerning church fairs, Rev. Dr. Ellinwood says: "The fact that they have sometimes been abused is no more an argument for their abandonment, than is the picking of a pocket at a Moody and Sankey meeting a valid objection to revivals." He finds scriptural authority for them in passages in Exodus which says: "All the women that were wise-hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue and of purple and of scarlet and of fine linen." That is good, but did those "wise-hearted" women, when they were furnishing the embellishments for the tabernacle, have grab-bags, and post offices, and raffles, and the other devices with which lovely woman now worms the last dollar from the pocket of unsuspecting man? If they did, it is more than likely that Moses and Aaron gave notice that there would be trouble in the camp if such things were not stopped.—*Ex.*

☞ The arrangements for a fashionable wedding had been made in St. Louis, a profusion of costly gifts had been sent by friends of the young woman, and a church was crowded with a waiting assembly; but the ceremony was postponed indefinitely. Miss Wilgus, a wealthy member of a "first family," and Dr. Owen, a young and penniless physician, were the couple. A few hours before the time for the wedding the relatives of Miss Wilgus presented to Dr. Owen an agreement binding him never to interfere with her property, and told him that unless he signed it the marriage could not take place, He resented this as an affront, and broke the engagement.

In the Puritan Days.

The almanac did not exist in the very early time of the Pilgrim Fathers, but in many a house hung on the wall the following twelve good rules:

Profane no Divine ordinance.
Touch no State matters.
Urge no healths.
Pick no quarrels.
Encourage no vice.
Repeat no grievances.
Reveal no secrets.
Maintain no ill opinions.
Make no comparisons.
Keep no bad company.
Make no long meals.
Lay no wagers.

☞ "Dear me!" said a lawyer to a professional brother, "I've got a case to argue this morning, and my head aches so I can hardly think." "Never mind," was the encouraging reply: "if you argue after your usual fashion, you'll have precious little use for your head."

☞ A decoction of twenty yards of velvet.

A friction of the shoulder with a new cashmere shawl, daily.

Three hats with birds on them.

One pair of diamond ear-rings.

The whole mixed with an infusion of pocket money to suit the taste.

☞ A gentleman once called on the late Mr. Astor to solicit a donation for a charitable purpose. He gave $5. "Why, Mr. Astor," said the solicitor, "how is it you give so little? Your son, John Jacob, gave us $100." "Well," replied the old man, "he could afford it. He has a rich father and I haven't."

Drawing of Jurors.

The following grand and petit jurors have been drawn to serve at the Circut Court of Oyer and Terminer, to be held January 15, 1877:

GRAND JURORS.

Samual Guthrie, Frederick Starks, Hannibal; Robert Flint, Palermo; A. H. Betts, Everett Barnes, Granby, Martin Murphy, John Edland, Peter Moran, James Martin, Thomas Mastin, Richard Keefe, Henry W. Seeber, James Ormsby, Joshua DeMott, Henry Mathews, Oswego city; Maxon Lewis, Oswego town; Clark Nichols, George H, Patterson, J. D. Lasher, Volney; W. H. Allen, Schroeppel; Dennis Donovan, Oswego city; J. C. Babcock, Volney; Richard Grace, Oswego city; John Donnelly, Scriba.

PETIT JURORS.

George Goodier, William Reynolds, Michael Murray, Henry Whitney, John B. Lester, Alexander Robinson, John Ratigan, Oswego city; Wm. Lawton, Thomas Soule, Dwight Stone, Scriba; G. Mecker, George Osborn, John Edwards, Henry Phillips, George Davis, Hannibal; Simeon Osborn, Volney; George R. King, George S. Hale, Wm. Stevens, W. O. Guile, Thos. S. Dowd, George A. Smith, New Haven; Abram Striker, James Lockwood, Geo. Hallett, Oswego Town; Geo. W. Carpenter, Lewis F. Wilber, James Kilfoyle, Chas. F. Wilber, Henry Rockwood, Granby, Geo. S. Allen, Julius Upson, Palermo; Jacob Pickard, Hiram Norton, C. S. Spencer, William Hess, Schroeppel.

☞ At Pruyne's Harness Shop can be found a fine lot of Horse Blankets, and they are cheaper than any ever before offered in Mexico. 52.

Week of Prayer.

The Evangelical Alliance has designated as the week of prayer the days inclusive from the 7th to the 14th of this month. The following is the assignment of subjects, etc.:

Sunday, January 7.—Sermons; Christian fellowship. 1 John, i. 7.

Monday, January 8.—Prayer; thanksgiving for national, social and personal religious and temporal mercies during the past Centennial year, with confession of shortcomings and misimprovement of privileges.

Tuesday, January 9.—For the outpouring of the holy spirit on all flesh; that Christian churches in all lands may be enlarged, delivered from error and corruptions, and blessed with an increase of spiritual power and fruitfulness.

Wednesday, January 10.—For the homes; that family relations may be sanctified and home duties more faithfully discharged; that all under affliction may be comforted; that believers may grow in grace, and those not yet saved become speedily added to the church.

Thursday, January 11.—For our country and the nations; that rulers may fear God and citizens be law-abiding; that the bonds of human brotherhood may be strengthened, educational and benevolent institutions sustained; science and literature purified, sobriety and righteousness prevail, and the counsels of peace be everywhere accepted.

Friday, January 12.—For the universal spread of the gospel; that evangelistic agencies may be multiplied, Sabbath schools become yet more nurseries for the church, missionary efforts at home and abroad greatly prospered, and by the conversion of the world, that the fullness of the Gentiles may be brought in and all Israel saved.

Saturday, January 13.—That the Christian Sabbath may be kept holy, the ministry consecrated, the cause of temperance promoted, and the Lord's presence and guidance be with us throughout the new year.

Sunday, January 14.—Sermons: One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all. Ephesians iv. 5-6.

NORTH VOLNEY.

We have nothing to chronicle of a marvelous nature; no terrible conflagration or smouldering ruins; no murders or suicides; no highway roberies or runaway horses and smashed vehicles. But in spite of us we heave an involuntary sigh when we remember that the beauty of summer and glory of autumn are gone, and old winter with his icy locks and frigid arms has entered our doors. Every season has for us its lessons of wisdom, and every person should aim to mature some good fruit for the harvest that will ere long succeed them. Most pointed remarks they all contain, calculated to rouse our attention to the flight of time. Only a little while since nature uttered her voice in the green resurrection of spring, then in the untold beauties of summer and in the naked forests of autumn, and now the cold, frigid storms of winter. All these combined complete a year which is a season of magnitude in the little life of men.

It seems to be considered by most people a moral obligation to make themselves generally miserable at the close of the year. All the sorrow and sin and loss of the past twelve months is revie w ed and remourned, all the short-comings of their frail humanity are resurrected and deplored. Better let the "dead past bury its dead." Better be planning a wiser course for the glad new year that is just before us. What a bright beautiful troop of hopes come thronging at the thought of the New Year. What may it bring to us very nearly what we will for life is much as we choose to make it. All are subject to earth's disappointments, fortune's fickleness, but a firm, lofty purpose will attain the wished-for goal. We shall have to meet with opposing forces, struggling with temptations, sacrificing of personal ease but little is that worth which costs us nothing.

EVEN.

North Volney, Dec. 30, 1876.

PALERMO.

Winter came promptly at the date fixed by the almanacs and continued boisterous and cold Cold, it is said, is only a negative quality, merely the absence of heat. But when Jack Frost gets you fairly by the nose and pinches it white, when your fingers ache till the tears come cold, seems rather positive. So when the ground grows hard, and cracks with the frost with a noise like thunder, when streams are covered with ice a foot thick, and the snow banks are ten feet high, it is apt to seem pretty positively cold. But winter is not so bad as it seems, and we aticipate more than we suffer. The cold without gives zest to the comfort of a good fire within, and when seed time and harvest are suspended there is more time for reading and enjoyment.

One of our citizens boasts of a cat whose hunting propensities appear to be in the ascendent. Not being contentent with rats and mice, it takes a "new departure" and captures among other varieties of game, birds and the like, its last victim being a live rabbit, which it brought to the house uninjured. The owner of the cat not wishing to see any living thing tortured, immediately freed the rabbit, which scampered back to its native haunts, glad to be rescued from those terrible jaws of death.

YU NO.

Palermo, Dec. 30, 1876.

☞ Assemblyman Peck of Mexico nominated Mr. Sloan for Speaker in the Republican caucus Monday night. In his speech he said that the party wanted a new departure and new men to lead it, and that Mr. Sloan, who was anything but a politician, was just the man with whom to begin.—*Oneida Palladium.*

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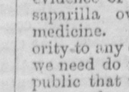
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1877. NEW YORK. 1877

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